

It was in the old *World* office on King Street, in the fall of 1886. Reporters and editors were busy turning out "copy" when, at about eleven-thirty, in walked the two lads, picturesquely attired in rags and dirt. They had no further excuse for being on the street—no home to go to, newspaper money lost in gambling—and so they decided to test the generosity of the reporters. With wisdom and cunning far beyond their years, they made no special request, but proceeded to give an exhibition of gymnastic skill, matching coppers, etc., their reward being cigarettes, which they handled with the utmost *sang froid*. In half an hour when the reporters could no longer spare the time to watch their antics, the lads quietly curled themselves up on some newspapers near the grate fire and were soon fast asleep. Two nights later they returned, but were not so welcome, and when refused permission to sit by the fire they left with downcast looks. Next morning they were arrested about daybreak by a policeman, who found them asleep among some dry goods boxes, and, when brought before the court, were given short terms in jail. A month later Tim did something extra bad, and the magistrate sentenced him to three years in the Penetanguishene Reformatory, when he disappeared from the scene. Sammy was inconsolable. For nearly two years he and Tim had been fast friends, sharing their coppers, going hungry together, feasting in prosperous times upon the